

My First Impressions of C. H. S.

The first day I went to the school in the town of Camas, I certainly was some skeered, I didn't wanta come nohow, but paw allus did have a good eddication. He was president onct; president of the Cotton Wood Grange Society for Homeless rabbits, but that's not startin' in high school. Well, as I said before, I was some skeered. 'Course I 'lowed as how I wan't sech a bad lookin' kid as fur as that's concerned, but the way them girls made over my purty red hair was a sight. Gee! They even wanted me to go down and git it cut off and give 'em all a nice bunch of it. But goodness, them girls didn't need to think I was agoin' to do a fool trick like that, so I skiddaddled and sot down quick in a seat close to the door. But I didn't set there very long 'cause a fellow with spectacles on his nose stepped up in front of us and says, "I come here before this large assembly of students to introduce myself, and I hope you will all take in to your work with a will." He went on that way for about an hour, and finally ended up with a how and says, sorta dignified like, "I'm Mr. McIntyre." Then there was a little feller what pops up like a Jack-in-the-box and he told us as how he was Mr. McIntosh. Then he gave us a spiel sayin' as how he hoped the same as Mr. McIntyre and hoped we'd all do our best. He told us as how Miss Hodgins would give a jitney lunch in the cooking rooms. Jest as I was wonderin' what that was, I noticed the feller with the spectacles on his nose kind of sidles up to the wall all of a sudden like and gives it a push with his thumb, and jest about that time I heered sumpin go "bpzz." He waited fer about two minutes and then walks up and pushes it twice, and I heered sumpin go, "buzz-buzz."

Well, that feller must have been a witch, 'cause I heered a noise what sounded like a team of horses coming up the stairs, and in come about fifteen kids. They hadn't hardly got sot down, when he says, "Go to your classes." I didn't know what to do so I jest set there. Pretty soon he comes down to me an' says: "Why don't you go to your class?" "Well," I says, "if you'll jest tell me where to get some I'll do it, 'cause I ain't got none now." He jest laffed and says: "You follow me." Then he took me down two flights of stairs and pushed me into a door. As I went in I noticed it said "English" on it. Well, now anybody might know I hain't no Englishman, I'm jest a human bein'. When I sot down, a lady with spectacles on her nose, what skeered me sumpin awful come down to me and asked me a lot of questions about what was my name, who was my folks, and did I pass the rest of the grades. Well, that made me mad to have her askin' questions about me that wan't none of her bizness, but the kid settin' next to me whispered, "You better tell 'er." So I told her as how my name was Ezekiel Cornrossel, and as how the rest of the folks was all well. Then I heered sumpin go "buzz." I like to jumped clean outin' my chair. Then

she began signin' lessons. She jest got through and I heered sumpin go "buzz-buzz," again and she said, "Class is excused." Believe me, I was some glad 'cause I had a chanct to breathe once more. But I hadn't no morn got sot down in that big room up stairs, when that spectacled feller says, "Go to your classes." He looked right straight at me and laffed. I follered the kid what told me to answer the questions what that woman asked me, and this time we went out to a little cow-barn what they call the manual trainin' shop. But I stayed outside fer a little while and then sneaked back into that big place what they call the assembly room. I noticed they was a big clock on the wall what said it was jest one minute till twelve. I was some glad, 'cause my stumick felt like a rain barrel what had been left out in the sun fer 'bout a week. Pretty soon the little feller called McIntosh, walked up and give the wall a couple of pushes and in comes 'bout a hundred kids. I didn't know there was so many kids in Camas. Well, we set there 'bout an hour and didn't do a thing. Then the little feller gets up and reads off a lot of names, and somebody yells, "dismissed." I didn't know what that meant, but everybody got up and made a rush fer the doors, so I follers suit. When we got outside we all stood behind each other at the top of the stairs and then somebody blows a whistle and away we went. The way I drove Betsy home that night wasn't slow. I was certainly glad to get back to the cows and chickens and ma's cooky jar.